AN EXCELLENT

OLD SONG,

INTITLED,

YOUNG BEICHAN

AND

SUSIE PYE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

e'er I DO WELL 'tis A WONDER.

OGER AND DOLLY.

RINK WHILE YOU CAN.

GLASGOW,

nted by J. and M. ROBERTSON, (No. 20.)
Saltmarket, 1809.

YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE.

IN London was young Beichan born,
and foreign nations he long'd to see,
He pass'd through many kingdoms great,
till at length he came into Turkey.

He view'd the fashions of that land,
their way of worship viewed he;
But unto any of their stocks,
would not so much as bow a knee.

Which made him to be taken straight,
and brought before their jury;
The savage Moor did speak outright,
bid him be us'd most cruelly.

In ev'ry shoulder they put a bore,
and in ev'ry bore they put a tree,
They made him for to trail the wine,
and spices on his fair body.

They put him into a deep dungeon,
where he could neither hear nor see;
For seven years they kept him there,
till he for hunger was like to die.

Stephus their King had a Daughter fair,
and they call'd her Susie Pye;
Who every day as she took the air,
near to the prison passed by.

But it fell out upon a day,
she heard young Beichan for to sing;
And the song it pleased her so well,
no rest she got till she came to him.

My hounds they all go masterless;
my hawks they flee from tree to tree;
My youngest brother will heir my land;
fair England again I shall never see.

But all that night no reſt ſhe got,
for thinking on young Beichan's ſong,
She ſtole the keys from her dad's head,
and to the priſon ſhe is gone;

She has opened the priſon-door,
I wat ſhe open'd two or three,
Before ſhe could come Beichen at,
he was lock'd up ſo curiouſly.

But when Beichan ſhe came before,
he admired much her there to ſee,
He thought ſhe'd been ſome pris'ner ta'en,
fair Lady, I pray, of what country?

Have you any lands, Beichan, ſhe ſaid,
or have ye any buildings free?
That you would give to a Lady fair,
that out of priſon could ſet you free?

Near London town I have a hall,
with other buildings two or three,
I'll give them all to that Lady fair,
that from this dungeon will ſet me free.

Give me the truth of your right hand,
the truth of it give unto me,
That for ſeven years you'll no Lady wed,
unleſs it be along with me.

I'll give thee the truth of my right hand,
the truth of it I'll freely gi'e,
For ſeven years I'll ſtay unwed,
for the kindneſs thou does ſhow to me.

She's ta'en him from the dungeon deep,
and ſet him in a room ſo free,
She gave him the red wine to drink,
his meat was the ſpice-cake ſo free.

She kept him ſave in her chamber,
till it fell out upon a day,

An Engliſh merchant there did come,
with whom ſhe ſent young Beichan away.

She broke a ring from her finger,
one half to Beichan gave ſpeedily,
To keep in remembrance of that love,
the Lady bore that ſet him free.

But when he arriv'd in London town,
his friends they all came him to ſee,
And would needs have him chuſe a wife;
among that jolly company.

O! no my friends, young Beichan ſaid,
that would do me much injury,
Till ſeven years are paſt and gone,
I'll marry none in this country.

When ſeven years were almoſt gone,
this Lady began for to think long,
She thought ſhe heard a voice that ſaid,
young Beichan's broke his vows, Madam!

She packed up her gay clothing,
with rich jewels many a one,
She ſet her foot into a ſhip,
away ſhe came to ſee Beichan.

She ſailed Eaſt, ſhe ſailed Weſt,
till to fair England's ſhore ſhe came,
Where a bonny ſhepherd ſhe eſpy'd,
feeding his flock upon the plain:

What news, what news, my bonny ſhepherd?
what news has thou got to tell me?
Such news I hear, Madam, he ſays,
the like was ne'er in this country:

There is a wedding in yonder hall,
has held this thirty days and three,
The Bridegroom will not bed with the Bride,
for love of one that's 'yond the ſea.

She put her hand in her pocket,
I wat she gave him guineas three,
Pray take thou that my bonny boy,
for the good news thou telleſt me.

When she came up to Beichan's gate,
she ſoftly tirled at the pin,
So ready was the proud porter,
to open and let this Lady in.

Is this young Beichan's hall, she ſaid,
or is that noble Lord within?
Yes, he's in the hall, among them all,
this very day was his wedding.

She took the ring from her finger,
and to the porter she gave it free,
Run to young Beichan with all haſte,
deliver my meſſage ſpeedily.

When that he came his Lord before,
he kneeled low down on his knee;
What aileth thee, my proud porter?
thou art ſo full of courteſy.

I have been porter at your gates,
theſe thirty long years and three,
Now there ſtands a Lady at your gate,
the like of her I ne'er did ſee:

For on every finger she has a ring,
and on the mid-finger there's three,
She has as much gold above her brow,
as would buy an earldom to me.

Out then ſpoke the Bride's Mother,
ay, and an angry woman was she:
You might have excepted our bonny Bride,
and two or three of her company.

Hold your tongue thou Bride's Mother,
of all your folly let me be:

She's ten times fairer than your Bride,
and all that's in her company.

She desires one sheave of your wheat bread,
ay, and a glass of your red wine,
And to remember the Lady's love,
which last reliev'd you out of pine.

O wel-a-day! young Beichan said,
that I so soon have married thee,
For I do vow it is SUSIE PYE,
has sail'd the seas for love of me.

He took the chair then with his foot,
the table with his knee, took he,
Till silver cups, and silver canns,
he made them all to flinders flee.

Out then spoke the forenoon Bride,
My Lord, your love it changeth soon,
This morning I was made your Bride,
and another chuse ere it be noon.

O hold thy tongue thou forenoon Bride,
you're ne'er a whit the worse of me,
And for every penny I got with thee,
O here I'll give thee back three.

He took her by the milk white hand,
says the half of my lands I'll give to thee,
If thou wilt marry my Brother WILL,
who's a sprightly youth in a Lady's eye.

I will not marry thy Brother WILL,
for all the land that I do see,
Give me my faith and troth Beichan,
I wish I were in my own country.

I have the Bride's shoe, on my feet,
likewise the Bride's gloves on my hands,
For I will neither eat nor drink
till I come to my Father's lands.

He's ta'en Susie Pye by the right hand,
and gently led her up and down,
And ay he kiss'd her red rosy lips,
you're welcome jewel to your own.

He's ta'en her by the milk white hand,
and he's led her to yonder green,
He's chang'd her name from Susie Pye,
and he's call'd her lovely Lady Jean.

IF E'ER I DO WELL 'TIS A WONDER.

When I was a young lad, my fortune was ba
if e'er I do well, 'tis a wonder;
I spent all my means on whores, bauds, and quean
then I got a commission to plunder. Fal lal, etc

The hat I have on so greasy is grown,
remarkable it is for its shining;
'Tis stitch'd all about, without button or loop,
and never a bit of a lining. Fal lal, etc

The coat I have on so thread-bare is grown,
so out at the arm-pits and elbows,
That I look as absurd as a sailor on board,
that has lain fifteen months in the bilboes. et

My shirt it is tore both behind and before,
the colour is much like a cinder;
'Tis so thin and so fine, that it is my design,
to present it to the Muses for tinder. Fal etc

My blue fustain breeches are worn to the stitch
my legs you may see what's between them:
My pockets all four, I'm the son of a whore,
if there's ever one farthing within them. et

I've stockings, 'tis true, but the devil a shoe,
I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather;
Be damn'd the boot-sole, curse on the spur-roll,
confounded be the upper-leather. Fal lal, et

Had ye then but seen the sad plight I was in,
ye'd not seen such a poet 'mong twenty;
I have nothing that's full, but my shirt and my scull,
for my pockets and belly are empty. Fal lal, etc.

RODGER AND DOLLY.

AS Dolly was milking of the cows,
Young Roger came tripping it over the plain,
And made unto her most delicate bows,
And then he went tripping it back again;

My pretty sweet Roger, come back again,
My pretty sweet Roger, come back again,
For it is your company that I do lack,
Or else my poor heart will burst in twain.

I winna come back, nor I canna come back;
I wonot, I cannot; no, no, not I:
And if 'tis my company that you do lack,
You may lack it until the day you die.

Oh! do you not mind the curds and cream,
And many a bottle of good March beer?
When you was going along with your team?
And then it was Dolly, my own sweet dear.
But I winna come back, nor I canna come back, &c.

DRINK WHILE YOU CAN.

LET'S drink, my friends, while here we live,
The fleeting moments as they pass,
This silent admonition give,
T' improve our time, and push the glass.
When once we've entred Charon's boat,
Farewel to drinking, joys divine,
There's not a drop to wet our throat,
The grave's a cellar void of wine.

Glasgow, Printed by J. & M. Robertson, 20, Saltmarket, 1809.